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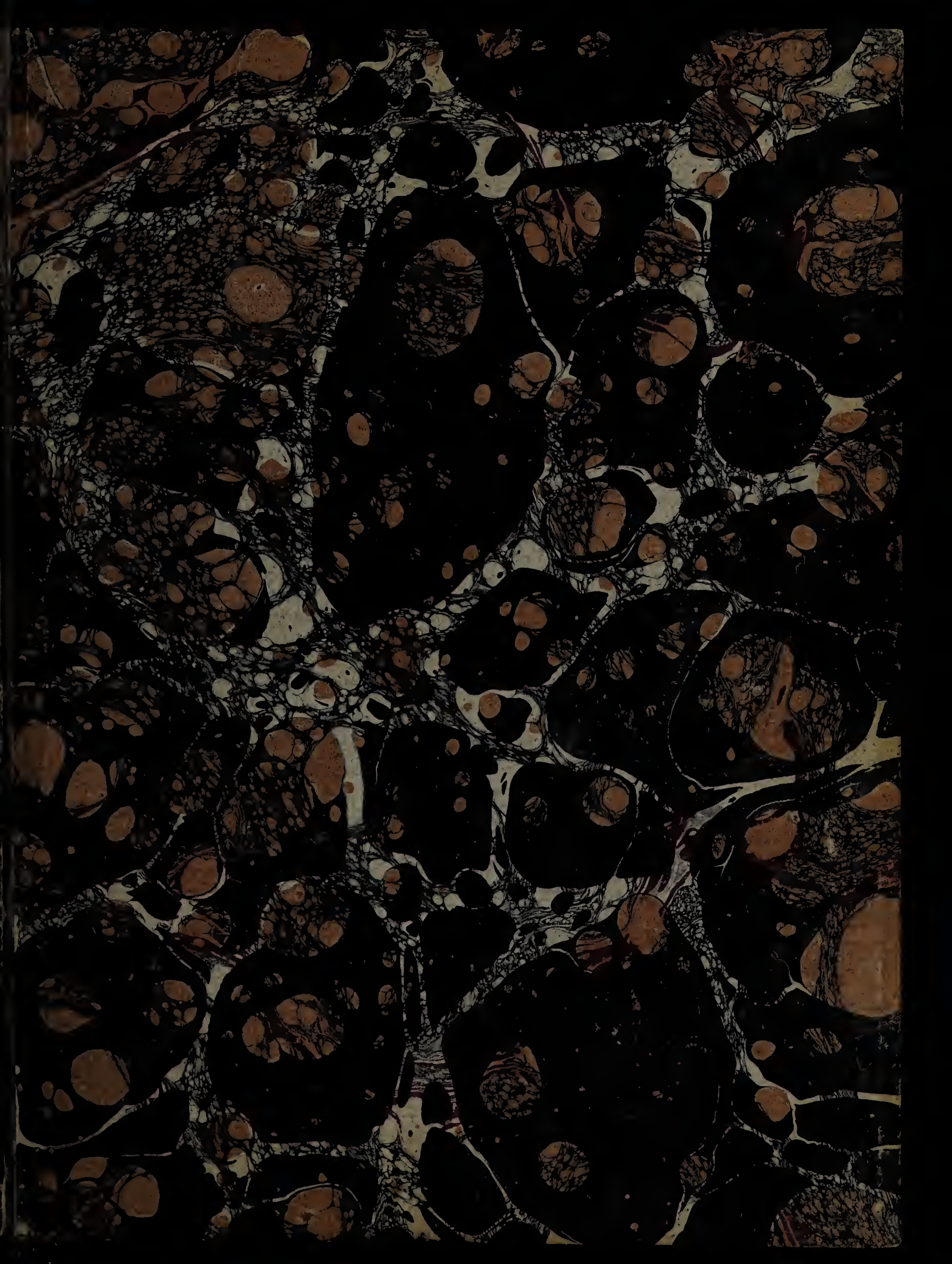


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

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a curious and rare collection, sold
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1819 White Knight's Sale
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A new

PLAY

Called

CANTERBURIE

His

Change of Diot.

Which sheweth variety of wit and mirth : privately acted neare
the *Palace-yard* at Westminster.

- In th: }
1 Act, the Bishop of Canterbury having variety of dainties, is not
satisfied till he be fed with tippets of mens eares,
2 Act, he hath his nose held to the Grinde-stone,
3 Act, he is put into a bird Cage with the Confessor.
4 Act, The Jester tells the King the Story.



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May, 1893





THE FIRST ACT.

Enter the Bishop of Canterbury, and with him a Doctor of Physicke, a Lawyer, and a Divine; who being set downe, they bring him variety of Dishes to his Table,



Canterbury, is here all the dishes, that are provided?

Doct. My Lord, there is all: and 'tis enough, wert for a Princes table, Ther's 24. severall dainty dishes, and all rare.

B. Cant. Are these rare: no, no, they please me not, Give me a Carbinadoed cheek, or a tippet of a Cocks combe: None of all this, here is meate for my Pallet.

Lawyer. My Lord, here is both Cocke and Pheasant, Quail and Partridge, and the best varieties the Chambles yeeld.

B. Cant. Shambles, I am not tyed to such a strait,
Give not me common things, that are in the Shambles;
Let me have of the rarest dainties, drest after the Italian fashion.

Divine. My Lord, here are nothing but rarities;
please you to give me leave to crave a blessing,
That your Lordship may fall too and eate.
My Lord, is it your pleasure I shall.

B. Cant. you vex me,
Ho, ho, come away,
These Rascals torment me.

*He knocking there enter divers Bishops
with muskets on their necks, bandeleeres,
and swords by their sides.*

Bishop. What is the matter, my Lord: wherefore doe you call us.

Cant. call you quoth I:

It is time to call I thinke, when I am faine to waite:
Nay call and aske, yet cannot have what I desire.

Bishop. What would you have my Lord?

Cant. Them fellowes, bring them to me.

Doct. What will your Lordship doe with me. *The Doctour is brought*

Cant. Onely cut off your eares.

to him.

Doct. That would be an unchristian action, a practice without a preceder t.
O cruelty, tyranny! Hold me, hold me, or else J dye:
Heavens support me under this tyrant.

*He cuts of
his eares.*

Cant. Come Lawyer, your two eares will make me 4.
That is almost a little dish for rarity.

*He cuts of the
Lawyers eares.*

Divine. Will your Lordship be so cruell.
Our blood will be requir'd at your hands.

*Then he cuts of the
Divines eares.*

Cant. This J doe, to make you examples,
That others may be more cyefull to please my palate.
Henceforth, let my servants know: that what I will, I will have done,
What ere is under heavens Sunne.

*He sends them all away, and commands the eares to be drest for his
supper, and after a low court sic, followes himselfe.*

Exeunt.

The

The second Act.

Enter the Bishop of Canterbury into a Carpenters yard by the water side, where he is going to take water, and seeing a Grindle-stone, draweth his knife, and goeth thither to whet it, and the Carpenter follows him.

Carpenter. What makes your Grace here, my Lord.

Cant. My knife is something dull friend :

Therefore I make bold to sharpen it here,
Because an opportunity is here so ready.

Carp. Excuse me, Sir, you shall not doe it :

What reason have you to sharpen your knife on my stone :
you'll serve me, as you did the other three ? No, stay !

I'll make you free of the Grinde-stone, before you goe away.

He tyes his nose to the Grindle-stone



Cant. Oh man what doe you meane.

Carpenter. Hold downe your head, it will blood you bravely ;

By the brushing of your nostrils, you shall know what the paring of an eare
is, Turne Boy.

The Carpenters boy turnes
the stone, and grinds his nose.

Cant. O hold, hold, hold.

Turne, qd. I, here is turning indeed, such turning will soon deform my face :

O I bleed, I bleed, and am extreemly sore.

Carp. But who regarded hold before, remember the cruelty you have used
to others, whose blood cries out for vengeance.

Were not their eares to them, as pretious as your nostrils can be to you :

If such dishes must be your fare, let me be your Cooke,

I'll invent you rare sippets.

Jesuit. Right Reverend Sir,
What makes your Grace
In such a sad condition?

*Enter a Jesuit, a Confessor, and washeth
his face with Holy water, and binds
up his sore in a cloth.*

B. Cant. Tis sad indeed, time was, when all the land was swayed by me:
But I am now despised, bound fast, and scorned you see?
What shall I doe for ease.

Jesuit. I'll try conclusions for you;
I'll goe in to him, & to his wife; i'll wooe them both, i'll speak them faire,
I'll tell them things they never knew, & if I can, I will procure your liberty:
That so your Grace, may escape this danger.

B. Cant. There will be great difficulty in it?
What shall I do, my joyes are gone;
My face defaced, and all my comforts left.

Jesuit. Feare not, there is yet hope: comfort your selfe,
I have a force, may chance, make Rome to flourish:
That your gray haire, may once more sit in Glory,
Which England little dreams of.

*The Carpenter
unties the Bishop, and leades him away.*

The third Act.

*Enter the Bishop of Canterbury, the Jesuit and the Carpenters wife with a great
Bird Cage in her hand, and a foole standing by, and laughing at them, Ha, ha,
ha, ha, who is the foole now.*



Carpenters wife. O good husband, put in these *Cormorants* into this Cage ;
They that have cut of eares at the first bout,
God knowes what they may cut off next: put them in, put them in.
Cant. What meane you by this. *He takes the Cage, and puts*

Carpenter. Onely to teach you to sing. *them into it.*

Jesuite. Alas. we cannot sing, we are not *Nightingales.*

Carpen. wife. Come, come, husband;
Wee'll make them sing, before they come out againe :
A Black-bird, and a Canary-bird, will sing best together.

Cant. Why should they be so strict to us.

Jesuite. Yet if we still abide it : though we dye, we dye in honour,
Our merits we shall leave for others wants, when we are gone.

Carpen. Merits quoth I :
If Tower-hill and *Tyburne* had their due,
We should have lesse *Jesuites*, and fewer *Masse-priests* ?
There is many a man, that have merited a rope,
That have not yet met with an halter.

Exeunt,

The fourth Act.

Enter the King and his Jester.

Jester. O my King, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ; I cannot forbear laughing.

King. Why what is the matter Sirrah ?

Jester. O the strangest sight, that ever I saw,
They have put the B. of Canterbury, & the Confessor into a Cage together.
Did you ever see the like,
The one lookes like a Crow, and the other like a Mag-pye :
I wayted long to heare them sing, at last they began to chatter.

King. What note did they sing ?

Jester. What note, I am sure it was 9 Notes and an halfe lower then
they use to sing at Court.

King. What was the Song, *Jest.* One sung thus :
I would I was at Court againe for mee, Then the other answered,
I would I was at Rome againe with thee.

King. Well sirrah, you will never leave your flouts.

Jest. If I should, my Liege, I were not fit to be a Jester.

Exeunt.



The Gig betweene a Paritor and the Foole.

Paritor, What newes sir, what newes, I pray you know you,
 Foole, Correction doth waite sir, to catch up his due.
Par. His due sir, whats that, I pray you tell me,
 Foole, not blew cap, nor red cap, but cap of the See,
Par. what caps are these pray you, shall I never know,
 Foole, The caps that would us, and our Church overthrow,
 They both sing, O wellady, wellady, what shall wee doe then
 weel weare tippet foole caps, and never undoe men.

Paritor, Did you never heare pray, of Lambeth great Faire:
 where whitepuddings were sold for two shillings a paire.
 Foole, Yes Sir I tell you I heard it and wept,
 I thinke you are broke e're since it was kept,
Par. Broke I am not, you foole I ampoore.
 Foole, your master is sicke you are turnd out of doore,
 They both sing, O wellady, wellady, &c.

Paritor, I might have beene Iester once as well as you,
 Foole, you Iested too much, which now you doe rue,
Par. wherein have I jested, like a foole in place,
 Foole, to worke projects for such, who practise disgrace,
Par. you foole will not profit make any thing done,
 Foole, such profit make fooles, soone after to runne,
 Both together, O wellady, wellady, &c.

FINIS.

